

SOMEWHEN...

"I FAILED YOU,
TRAVELLER."

THE WOMEN
YOU HAVE
CHOSEN...

...THEY WILL
NOT RISE TO
THE TASK.

ALL TIME
AND SPACE
IS DOOMED.

THEY MUST,
COURIER. THERE
ARE NO OTHERS.

DID THEY NOT
RECOGNIZE THE
SIGNIFICANCE OF THE
SWORDS OF SORROW
YOU CONVEYED
TO THEM?

NOT A ONE,
MISTRESS.

NOT
A SINGLE
ONE.

THEY FACE THE
PRINCE. A MAN SO FULL OF
RAGE AND POWER THAT
THE LIVES OF OTHERS
ONLY CAUSE HIM PAIN.

YOU LOOK
DOUR, GOOD
MESSENGER.

THEY ARE
NOT HEROES,
MISTRESS. THEY HAVE
WICKEDNESS IN THEIR
HEARTS.

THEY LUST
FOR GOLD,
DRINK, POWER,
AND CARNAL
PLEASURES.

AND THEY
SQUABBLE,
RATHER THAN
COMBINE.

SQUABBLE?

WELL, YES.
THEY DO
TEND TO DO
THAT.

ALTHOUGH THE
EBONY BLADES WILL
ALLOW THEM TO
UNDERSTAND EACH
OTHER'S LANGUAGES.





"...HE HAS ENLISTED SUCH TERRIFYING ALLIES."





"...WE'RE ASKING THEM TO SQUABBLE!"

TRICKSTER DEMON!

IT'S... UNHH! IT'S TRICKSTER DEVIL ACTUALLY.



I... YOU'VE MADE TARS TARKAS WEAK, SOMEHOW.

YOU'LL NOT TRICK ME, DEVIL!



WELL. THAT'S ONE PLAN RUINED, I SUPPOSE.

BUT YOU STEPPED THROUGH THIS ODD VISION.



I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR I SEND YOU BACK!